32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

584 to the Comanches. The girl told young Parker that if it was his intention to live around Cache, become another Carlisle loafer, and bask in the reflection of his father's glory, she wasn't interested. But if he was willing to go away and live where people had never heard of the Comanches or of Quanah Parker, she would marry him.

Quanah's son agreed to leave Oklahoma, and they married and moved to Florida. The one thing young Parker could think of that 472 he would have the nerve to try was driving a baggage wagon. So they bought a team and a light dray, and he began hauling baggage and making light deliveries. He made a living from the start, and in time built a first-class transfer business.

177 But Charley Ross and Quanah Parker's son were exceptions. As a lawyer in Oklahoma City I saw a number of pitiable incidents in the 609 courts, in which Indians who couldn't catch hold of the new life were testifying through an interpreter. I know they had been sent to government schools, but they preferred to pretend they didn't know English, rather than to accept the responsibilities of their training. They wished to be thought of as belonging to an older generation that had been denied advantages.

562 The educated young women, too, fell into the dull, dawdling [563] existence led by their men, although I did know two girls, just out of school, who married industrious white men and became hard-working 842 wives, and whose unions prospered financially. (Comanche wives, by the way, seldom bore more than two children, and often only one. But mixed marriages, particularly those of a white man and a Comanche woman, produced fruitfully.)

191 One episode illustrates the attitude of most of the educated women. 124 We had been operating the store several months, and I was proud of my good trade vocabulary. I knew the Comanche name for almost everything in the store that might interest the Indians, and I know their names and designations of money. One day, however, I was neither making myself understood by a very old squaw nor understanding what she was trying to tell me.

The ancient one's patience wore thin, and I am sure the line of chatter flowing from her withered lips in a stream was not complimentary to either my intelligence or my ancestry. Then I was suddenly rescued by a pleasant-faced, nice-mannered young Comanche woman on whom I had waited many times. "She wants coffee," she told me in perfect English.